

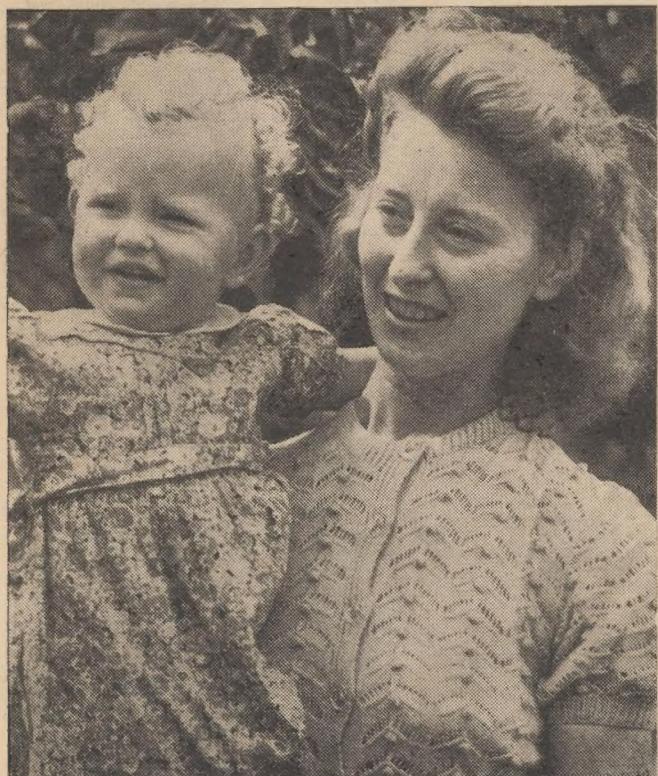
# Good Morning

120

P.O.  
WALTER  
MOIR

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Perhaps you can recognise our  
**HEROINE for TO-DAY**



"They say the olden days were best, But I shall not agree, For then there was no one like you To take this wish from me. . . ."

DO those words strike home, Wally? Take three guesses where you've seen them before... No? They were the words on the Christmas card you sent to a school friend after ignoring her for nearly five years. Guess you know now that your wife has had visitors, because the card is still treasured and kept in the front room of your home.

There is very little news I can give you, because I hear you have been home recently. However, your wife asked me to tell you that the family is getting settled in again now after being bombed out, and baby cleaned her teeth by herself yesterday for the first time. She has eleven teeth now, by the way.

Here's Heroine Margaret, and her mother, Alice Moir, Margaret's 3-1 on for the Baby Show. Any takers?

I should like to meet you one day; you must be a handsome guy to have such a beautiful daughter. Those blue eyes, that blonde hair, and her cute little smile! What a gal she'll be! Your wife didn't tell me how old Margaret was; my guess would be about eighteen months. She is getting quite clever now—yesterday she picked her grandfather's prize tomato and gave it to her pal Prince, the dog.

Have you seen them playing together?

Your wife is hoping to put Margaret in another Baby Show soon after her success in her first attempt. If she does go, we will try to get there to get a picture of her carrying off the first prize.

It's apples as well as tomatoes that Prince is after. He wants the "fruits" of victory as much as anyone.

Your two brothers are fit; Andrew still gets home most week-ends, and Fred, in the Royal Navy, is due for leave soon. "Girlie," your big sister, is looking forward to her wedding when her man comes home, and the other two girls are still happily single.

It's a pity, really, you can't get home next Sunday. The beans you strung up will be the second veg. that day.

Alice (pardon the familiarity) went to see "We Dive At Dawn" last week and was very thrilled. This week she hopes to see "Crash Dive."

Signing off now, Wally. Good luck.

Your message from home is: "Come home soon. All our love and kisses."

RONALD RICHARDS.

You see, Margaret's not going to be beaten. She says she was well brought up, so she's learning how it's done. Bet there were times when you'd have found it more restful to bring up a doll than Margaret, though!

Have you  
Macleaned? —

I see you  
have!



The end of the "King of Impostors" in which, aged 67, he admits

**"I MADE IT ALL UP"**

DESCRIPTION OF FORMOSA contains considerably more matter in the second edition than it had in the first.

True to his principle of never retracting what he had said, he embodied in it the substance of his conversations since the first edition appeared. In the first edition he had said nothing of the consumption of human flesh. He had spoken of this at Oxford; and he may have done so in London also.

Now he wrote: "We also eat humane Flesh, which I am now convinc'd is a very barbarous custom, though we feed only upon our open Enemies, slain or made captive in the Field, or else upon Malefactors legally executed." (He does not explain in which category the Formosans put the repudiated wives about whom he had talked at Oxford!) He gives grisly details about cannibalism.

With regard to food in general, he felt it necessary to strengthen what he had said previously, to support his own pose of taking it uncooked. "We generally eat all sorts of unforbidden Flesh raw; now and then (but very rarely) you shall see a Man put his Meat into boiling Water to cleanse and just warm it." Or he might toast it before the fire, to take away its "wateriness." But in either case he ate it cold.

NEEDED A SPUR.

After the appearance of the second edition of the "Description of Formosa" Psalmanazar's literary activity slackened. In this respect the disappearance of his evil genius, Innes, was very decidedly felt by him. He wanted a spur to make him work, and at present he could not produce this spur from within.

It is not until 1707 that we get his next acknowledged publication. This is a treatise entitled "A Dialogue between a Japonese and a Formosan about some points of religion." In this dialogue, which he professes to have heard before he left Formosa, the "Japonese"

champions the cause of free last, in the "Spectator" of March 16, 1711, appeared the following "Advertisement":

"On the first of April will be performed at the Playhouse in the Haymarket an opera call'd "The Cruelty of Atraus." N.B. The Scene wherein Thyleses eats his own children is to be performed by the celebrated Mr. Psalmanazar, lately arrived from Formosa: The whole Supper being set to Kettle-drums."

Psalmanazar was, not so much through lavish expenditure as through carelessness and want of a regular competency, in very poor circumstances, when one Pattenden came to him with a proposal.

This man had invented "a white sort of Japan," which he had been in vain trying to recommend to the world. It occurred to him that Psalmanazar, even though discredited in so many people's eyes, might yet be able to help him.

MONEY IN CROCKERY.

If he would father the ware, and say that he had brought the secret of it from Formosa, and would also put a hand now and then to the painting. Pattenden offered him a considerable share in the profits.

Psalmanazar agreed, and accordingly they advertised their White Formosan Ware and put it on the market. It was much admired; but Pattenden, against his advice (Psalmanazar says) insisted on "a vast high price," and the plan to make a fortune miscarried.

More honest attempts at a livelihood followed, but still not such as to command themselves to Psalmanazar when he had had "found grace." First he practised "a kind of empirical physic," and then he gave lessons in some modern languages with which he was imperfectly acquainted. He made very little money either way.

An offer from a counsellor at Lincoln's Inn to teach his sons Latin and other subjects brought him rather better pay for a year; and a similar post, but worse paid, enabled him to tide over another year.

(Continued on Page 2)



## Periscope Page

## QUIZ for today

1. Who first made the Union Jack our national flag, and when?  
 2. Who wrote (a) "Coming thro' the Rye," (b) "Romany Rye"?  
 3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Kipling, Thackeray, Mark Twain, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Trollope?  
 4. Who was Bellona?  
 5. What are where are Scylla and Charybdis?  
 6. What is Boreas?  
 7. What is meant by contumacious?  
 8. What is meant by diurnal?  
 9. Who was G. F. Babbitt?  
 10. What are the ingredients of real pewter?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 119

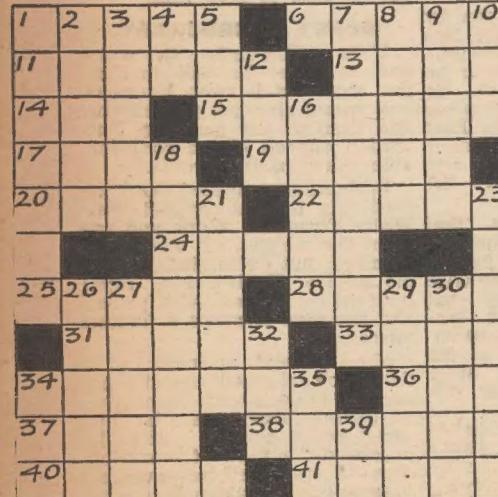
1. A young salmon.  
 2. (a) Joel Chandler Harris.  
 3. February; the others all have 31 days.  
 4. A substance formed of volcanic lava.  
 5. Near New York, U.S.A.  
 6. Beverage drunk by the gods.  
 7. Pear-shaped.  
 8. Resin extracted from the pine tree.  
 9. Subject of a novel by Joseph Conrad.  
 10. The lines which appear on a magnified spectrum, used in spectrum analysis.  
 11. The calculus.  
 12. A maker of horse harness.

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters. My first is in SCABBARD, and not in HILTS, My next is in SPORRAN, and not in KILTS, My third's not in DORSET, but in WILTS, My fourth is in STRAW-BERRIES, not in CREAM, My fifth is in TURBINE, not in STEAM, My sixth is in SALMON, not in KIPPERS, My next is in BOOTS, but not in SLIPPERS, My eighth's in SHERRY, not in SHANDY, My ninth's in BEER, though not in BRANDY.

(Answer on Page 3)

## CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

1. Brushwood.  
 6. Strong company.  
 11. Drive forward.  
 13. Wind instrument.  
 14. Side of fireplace.  
 15. Usual.  
 17. Girl's name.  
 19. Ventured.  
 20. Revivify.  
 22. Europeans.  
 24. Ship's crane.  
 25. Small spar.  
 28. Tomboys.  
 31. Shoe cords.  
 33. Retreat.  
 34. Cafe show.  
 36. Remain.  
 37. Individual thing.  
 38. Boy's name.  
 40. Cover with drops.  
 41. Popular flowers.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

D CHIC BERG  
 OBOE OCULAR  
 FLOE VOTIVE  
 FONDLED CAW  
 W SIT RIG  
 SEW BELATED  
 PRECEDED O  
 ETR CILES  
 ASHLAR CUBE  
 RUE TOMATO  
 SERVED LENS

## The King of Impostors

Continued from Page 1.

It was now 1715, and Psalmanazar's friends exerted themselves to find him some more remunerative work. The major of a regiment of dragoons engaged in suppressing the Jacobite rising in the North of England wanted a clerk for the regiment and was persuaded to engage Psalmanazar. This major was a generous-hearted man, who supplemented his regimental pay from his own pocket and also introduced him into the society of his fellow-officers. Psalmanazar was received, with the officers, by the clergy and gentry—and the ladies, he is careful to record—of Lancashire, where the regiment's duties lay.

**Psalmanazar here tells a curious tale.** The major, he says, having often heard him called by the nickname of "Sir George," used himself to call him so, and even gave out that Psalmanazar had been knighted by the late Queen Anne. At first, Psalmanazar denied this; but later, he says, he laid stronger claim to the title on account of his birth and family—as a prince of Formosa, it is to be presumed!

After the rising had been crushed, the regiment continued on garrison duty in Lancashire.

Psalmanazar admits that he ought to have left it as he was of no service now and was a drain on his friend's pocket.

But he waited until it went to Bristol, on its way to Ireland, and then, after over two years, he left.

He was, no doubt, reluctant to return to the precarious life which he had been leading since his pretensions had been so damaged by ridicule.

However, he had no option. He made another of his abrupt changes of occupation.

## A JOB AT LAST.

Having a little smattering, he says, of drawing and painting, and "a strong genius" for it, he took up a branch of art which seemed to offer him some scope, namely, fan-painting. He failed to make a living at this. But through it he became acquainted with a worthy clergyman, who still believed in the Formosan story and thought he should be better employed, for instance, in the study of divinity. Accordingly he raised a subscription among other believers; and thus a sum of between £20 and £30 a year was raised to enable Psalmanazar to pursue his studies. By taking also a private pupil he had a comfortable competency.

This had a great effect upon him, reconciling him to the solitude and retirement from which he had hitherto been so averse. At the same time he was prosecuting his study of the Bible, whereon he made "a pretty collection of criticisms and observations," and seriously attempting to master Hebrew by a new method.

As the fruit of his studies, he began to prepare for the press a new edition of the Psalms; but when he took it to a printer he found that he had been anticipated by Dr. Hare, Bishop of Chichester. He therefore abandoned the idea of publishing this work.

In 1728 illness overtook Psalmanazar, the only illness, except his last, which he mentions in the course of what was

## JANE



evidently a very healthy life. It was, he says, "a lingering every-other-day ague," and it lasted about six weeks.

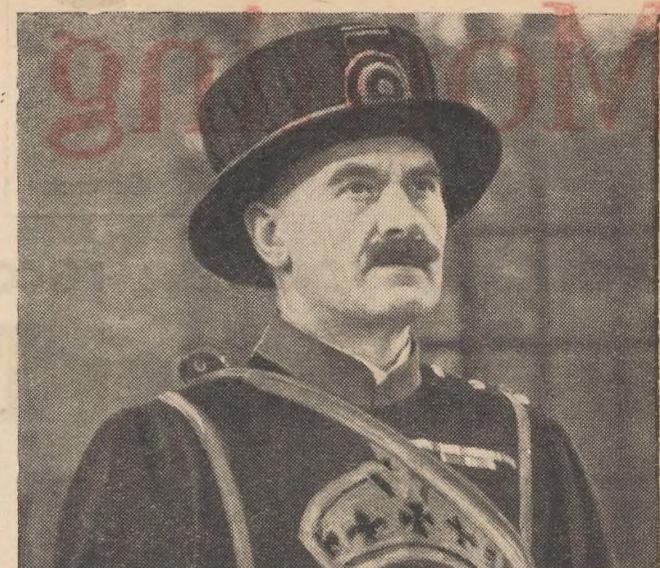
He was at the time at a friend's house in the country, "a sweet place of retreat." Here the struggle which had been going on in his mind reached its culminating point.

He decided upon a public acknowledgment of what he calls "one of the vilest and most odious impostures that youth and rashness could be guilty of." He began to write the "Memoirs." The only failing which remained from his unregenerate days was the taking of laudanum.

When he had thrown off his illness, Psalmanazar returned to London, where through pressure of work he did not find it easy to carry on the story of his life. At first he set aside one hour every Wednesday and Friday to it; but even this proved impossible later, and he wrote less regularly.

Among those with whom he was brought in contact when engaged on historical hack-work was Archibald Bower, another impostor with an edifying end, who, after years of double-dealing between England and Rome, was described

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



You needn't be a Mad Hatter to be a headgear specialist. But you must know something about the Tower of London to answer this one. This hat is worn by—Yeomen of the Guard, Beefeaters, Wardens of the Tower, Yeoman Warders? Come on, chaps. It's only a four-to-one chance. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 119 is: White Slow Loris.

## WANGLING WORDS—82

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after RUSTM, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of TWINS CHEER, to make a cathedral city.

3. Change FLOCK into SHEEP, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration.

Change in the same way: FULL into BACK, FORE into HIND, WARD into ROOM.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from REFRIGERATOR?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 81

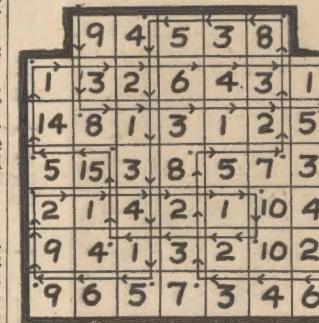
1. ENDGEN.  
 2. DONCASTER.  
 3. MAIN, MAID, SAID.  
 4. SAIL, HAIL, HALL, HELL,  
 HELD, HEAD, READ, ROAD,  
 MILK, MILE, MALE, MARE,  
 MART, CART,  
 BULL, BALL, TALL, TALE,  
 TARE, TARS, TORS, TOSS,  
 BANK, BANE, BATE, RATE.

4. Dart, Done, Node, Tart,  
 Note, Rote, Rate, Tear, Dote,  
 Head, Herd, Hart, Hand, Dent,  
 Dene, Need, Read, etc.

Trade, Drone, Heart, Treat,  
 There, Noted, Toned, Trend,  
 Heron, Hated, Heard, Rated,  
 Tenor, Hoard, etc.

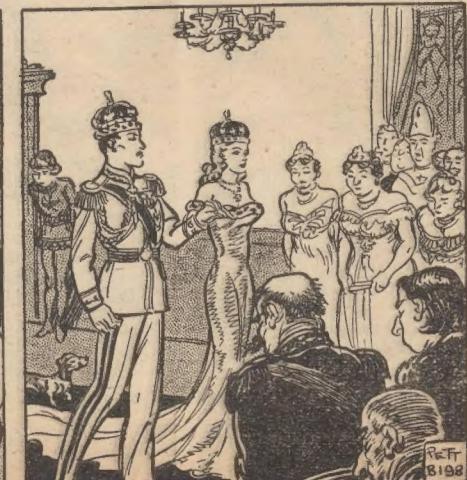


"Hey! This train's been in the siding two days!"

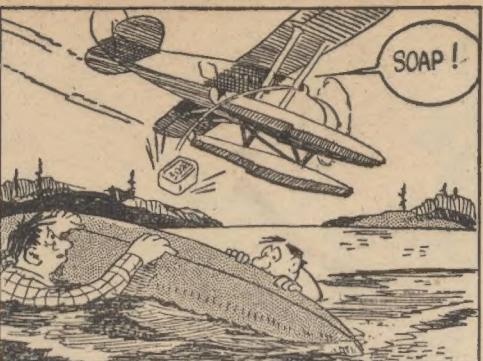


Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.

Send your—  
 Stories, Jokes  
 and ideas  
 to the Editor



## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



## Garth



## THE KING OF IMPOSTORS

Continued from Page 2.  
to have affected some few persons who for private ends took advantage of his youthful vanity to encourage him in an imposture which he might otherwise never have had the thought much less the confidence to have carried on. These persons being now dead, and out of all danger of being hurt by it, he now gives us leave to assure the world

that the greatest part of that account was fabulous."

Psalmanazar was, by the ordinary reckoning, sixty-seven years of age when he first put into print his confession of fraud. He still had another sixteen years to live, during which his circumstances were modest.

Smollett speaks of him as subsisting, after fifty years of literary drudgery, on the charity of a few booksellers,

just sufficient to keep him from the parish.

His home was, in his declining years, in Ironmonger Row, Old Street, Clerkenwell; and in Old Street were two buildings which he frequented, the parish church of St. Luke and an alehouse which has become famous because of the visits to it of Samuel Johnson.

Johnson may not have gone to this alehouse originally to see Psalmanazar. He certainly paid visits to it for the express purpose of meeting him. As he told Boswell, of all men he

"sought after" Psalmanazar most. Thirty years his junior, he was immensely impressed by him. Never, he declared, had he seen the close of a life which should so much like his own resemble. Asked once if he had ever contradicted him, he replied that he would as soon have thought of contradicting a bishop! What they talked about we are not told; but one subject was especially avoided — Formosa!

If ever a man seemed to have made a complete break with a life of deceit, it was

Psalmanazar. But he had one failing of which he never succeeded in ridding himself—the taking of laudanum.

On May 3rd, 1763, George Psalmanazar died in his house in Ironmonger Row. A repentant liar!

Solution to Allied Ports:  
BALTIMORE.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.  
(a) PORK & GREENS.  
(b) LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

## The Scare-Crook

By F. W. THOMAS

THE MISSES PRINGLE—Agatha, Anæmia and Anathema—live at Flyblow Cottage, Foothillworth. That is the diseased little cottage at the corner of Dead Donkey Lane, next to the cesspool, between the sewage farm and the gas-works.

It is a pretty little cottage, late Tudor, covered in roses and honeysuckle and greenfly and earwigs, with beautiful woodlice here and there to give it a touch of home.

The Misses Pringle have a maid, and her name is Ermyntrude Claribel Guinevere. She also comes if you shout "Oy!"

Last Tuesday week Oy came to my garden gate and announced that she wished to have converse with me. Not knowing my baptismal name, she did this by making a noise like a soda-syphon, thus: "Sssssss."

Having received permission to speak, Oy proceeded to tell me her troubles. Not all of them, of course. It appeared that Miss Agatha had been called to Town to address a meeting of the Amalgamated Sisters of Thrift, the title of her paper being, "Need the Working Classes Eat?"

Secondly, Miss Anæmia, Vice-President of the Society for Putting Down Things, had gone to stay with a friend at Wortleberry Common, where she was helping to Put Down some linoleum.

Thirdly, this left Miss Anathema all alone in the house; and Miss Anathema was scared.

## MISS ANATHEMA REQUESTS.

"What with all these things you read about in the papers," said Oy, "like bodies in trunks, and gippos coming to the back door to sell clothes-pegs, and then scrapping you when you're not looking, she's in a blue fit. And I'm sure that if a strange man did happen to break in I shouldn't be able to do a thing, except get under the bed and scream blue murder. So Miss Anathema thought perhaps you wouldn't mind helping her, seeing as how she'd do as much for you one day."

"And what does Miss Anathema suggest?" I asked. "Does she want me to come and sleep in the spare room? Or what?"

"Oh, no," said Oy. "Nothing like that. She doesn't believe in men. But, you see, last year two of them were away together, like now; and in order to protect herself against invasion, as you might call it, Miss Agatha—she was the one left behind—she bought herself a policeman's helmet, second-hand, eighteen pence, and hung it prominent on the hall stand, so that anybody breaking in would see at once that there was a ferocious man on the premises, with truncheon and all that."

"And having this policeman's helmet in the hall made us feel ever so safe, but you know what people are. The milkman happened to see it, and the baker saw it, and the insurance man saw it, and the plumber saw it when he came to unstick the drain through a cod steak having slipped down the plug-hole in the bath when I was washing it; and, what with one thing and what with another, it soon got round the village that the Misses Pringle were keeping a tame policeman on the premises under lock and key. Which they wasn't, opportunity being a fine thing, as the saying goes."

"So what they thought this time was that if you would lend them an old pair of trousers, they could hang them on the line at the back, and that would give the impression that there was a male person in the house, and nobody wouldn't see them except marauders, and gippos, and burglars, who always come in the back way."

"And I understand," I said, "that the Misses Pringle are prepared to do as much for me some day. Does that mean that they are willing to lend me a pair of their old—"

"Oh, sir," said Oy, "such a thought never crossed their minds, I'm sure. But if you would be so kind, we'd feel ever so much more comfortable and safe."

Thus it was arranged. I handed over a pair of my old slacks, which later I saw taking the winds of March with beauty on the Misses Pringle's clothes-line. Until last Thursday.

Then Oy turned up again, and please, sir, Miss Anathema's ever so sorry, but in the night one of these rag-bone-and-bottle men came along and pinched said trousers after everybody had gone to bed. And would I be so good as to be so kind as to lend them another pair?

If you ask me, Miss Anathema must be keeping an old-clothes shop somewhere. Anyway, I have sent along a suggestion that she should try a pair of her own left-offs for a change.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
But most chastises those whom most he likes.

John Pomfret

(1667-1703)

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

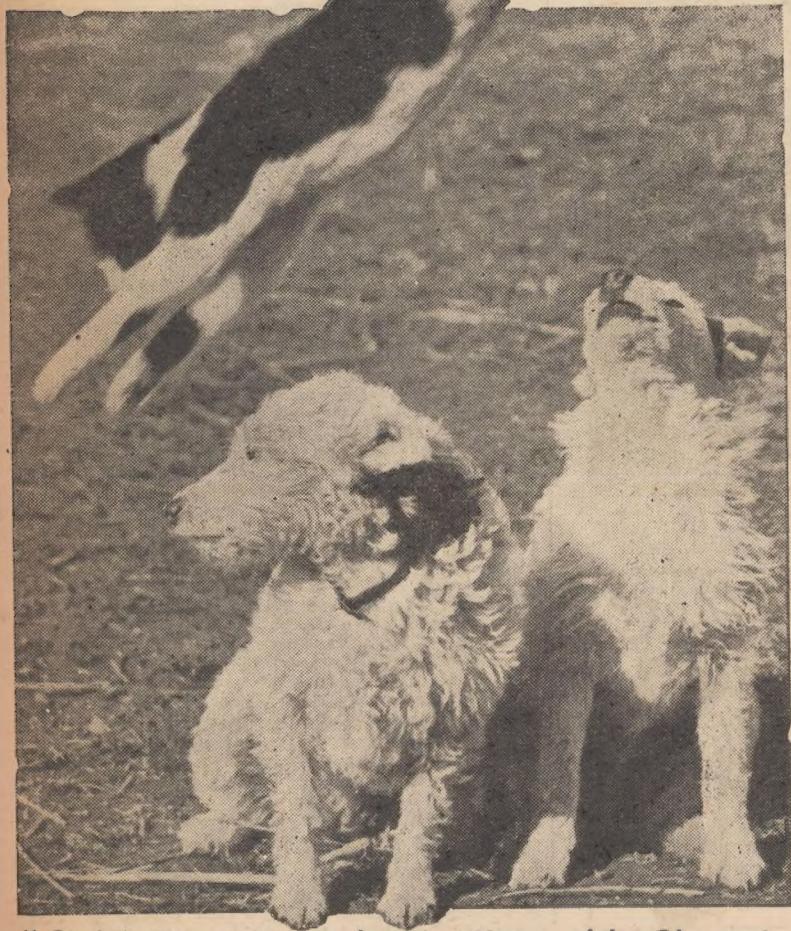
Alexander Pope

(1688-1744)

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## ALLEZ-OOP



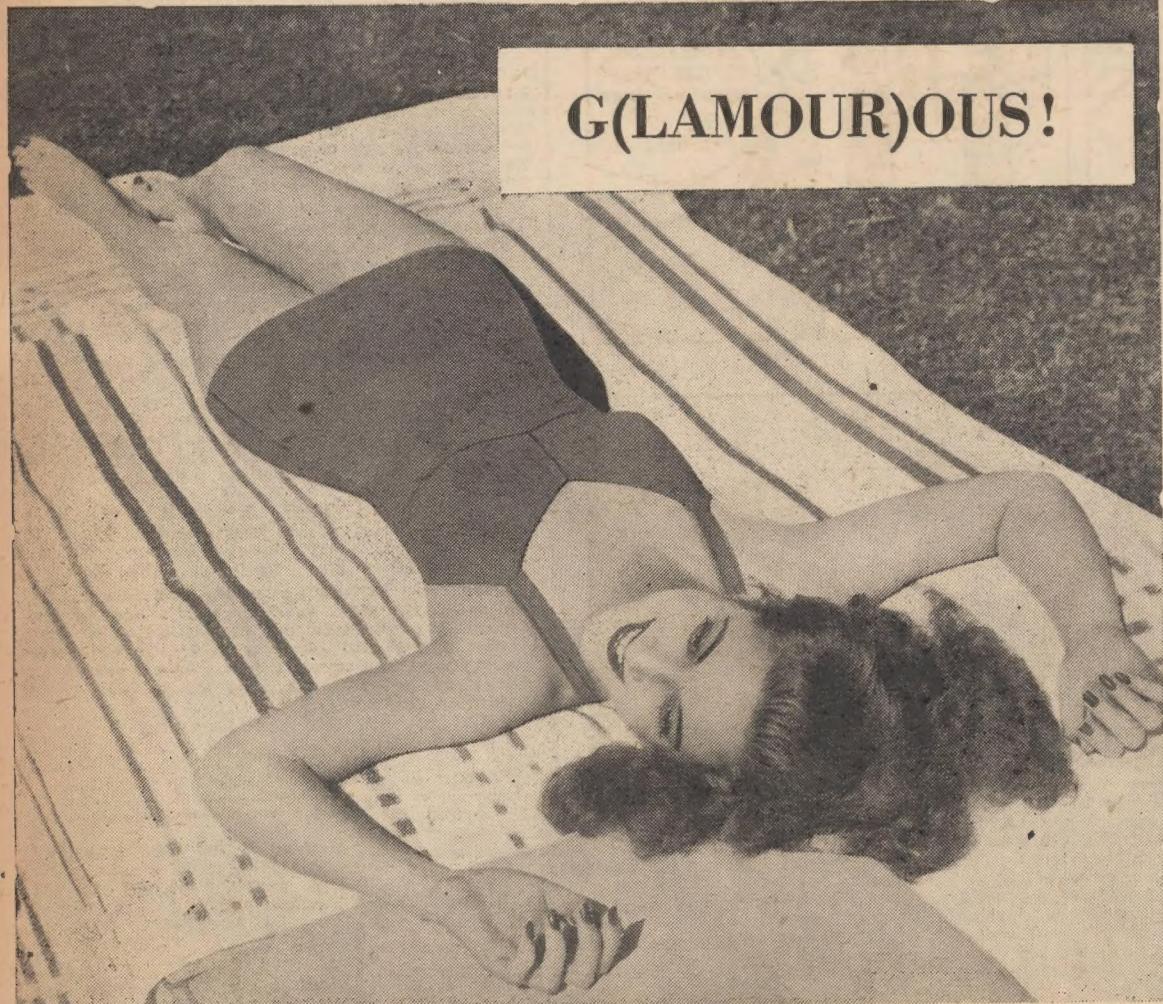
"Gosh ! She sure can leap ! Clever girl. Oh, yeah, wait till you see her land. I hope she pancakes . . . conceited — "

## This England

There is nothing more typical of England than the blacksmith's forge, be it village or otherwise. War-time conditions have brought the horse back into transport, and the blacksmith again into industry.



## G(LAMOUR)OUS !



Whichever way you look at Paramount's star, she's attractive, plus. Dorothy Lamour radiates "umph" just as much in a swim-suit as in a sarong — or does she ?



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't leave the soap on the step for the milkman."



"Well, somebody's got to do the steps, and I might as well make an early start. If this is what they call 'starting at the bottom,' I must say it's easy. Why, I'm on my second step already."